THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, December 31, 1804.

Hiſtorical Obſervations on the Queſtion, whether the Widows of Hindooſtan ſtill continue the Cuſtom of Burning themſelves on the Funereal Pile of their Huſbands, together with a Narrative of an affecting Inſtance of the Kind.

By A. Le Goux De Flaix, of the Aſiatic Society at Calcutta, &c.

MANY hiſtorians and travellers have preſented to the world details and obſervations more or leſs minute relative to this heroic ſacrifice; but they may be ſaid to contain little truth.

With regard to the cuſtom which occaſions the death of ſo many widows, I may ſafely affirm that it is now almoſt aboliſhed. The Moguls, ſince the period of their founding a dynaſty upon the ruins of the throne of the Hindoo princes, have abſolutely forbidden thoſe dreadful ſacrifices; and from this epoch, which may be dated about the commencement of the eleventh century of the vulgar era, we ſhall not, perhaps, find one thouſand women who have fallen victims to that noble ſentiment; a ſentiment which, while I am far from approving, I cannot but admire. I may alſo add, that the Europeans, equally indignant at the cuſtom, have rigorouſly maintained the interdiction of it among the Mahommedan Moguls, in all the provinces of this vaſt empire which have fallen beneath their ſway. In fact, during twenty years which I paſſed in India, travelling from country to country, I never ſaw but one inſtance of the voluntary immolation of a widow; and I gladly atteſt this fact, which does ſo much honour to the laws of the Moguls, and to the philanthropic principles of Europeans.

I will endeavour to give a rapid ſketch of the ceremonies that accompany this awful ſacrifice, which was formerly ſo frequent,

but is not enjoined by any poſitive law of Brama, as ſome authors have affirmed.

If a woman who is married to a Hindoo, ſurvive her huſband, ſhe leads a life of total privacy and ſecluſion; for widowhood is regarded by this people as a peculiar affliction, with which the divinity viſits mankind. Widows live in perfect ſolitude, and are indeed almoſt abandoned by the world; they forego their uſual cuſtoms, muſt not interfere with any domeſtic concerns, renounce all pleaſures, and even deprive themſelves of their jewels in order to expiate the error of fate. To be happy with their huſbands in a future world, they muſt die with them in this. This dogma, which appears to us to be not only inhuman but atrocious, is founded, however, upon a juſt obſervation made by the ſage Brama, a Hindoo legiſlator, on the actions of the female ſex whom he wiſhed to regenerate. The views of this celebrated man (one of the greateſt legiſlators the world ever produced) were, however, rational and uſeful; but I will not ſpeak of them here, as it would only interrupt my narnative.

A young woman, wife of a Bramin of Monguer, a city of Bengal, ſituated on the Ganges, about nineteen or twenty years of age, and the mother of two children, loſt unexpectedly her huſband, who was ill only ſeven days. She belonged to the tribe of the Babous, the firſt of the caſt of the Bramins from whence the prieſts are derived. As ſoon as ſhe was informed by the phyſician that his recovery was hopeleſs, ſhe declared to her relations her intention of aſcending the funereal pile, and mingling her aſhes with his.

The father, in order to diſſuade Viſſiacodi (for that was her name) from her reſolve, employed at firſt every means which affection could ſuggeſt to excite her feelings. He mentioned the love ſhe bore towards her children, then in their infancy; and how they would ſtand in need of her tenderneſs and care, her maternal care, which none could ſupply but herſelf.

Finding this of no avail, he had recourſe to the authority of the new laws, which by no means ſanctioned her immolation. "With money," replied this young woman, the model of conjugal virtue and affection, "you can, I know, eaſily obtain the permiſſion which I entreat you to procure for me. I love my children, but I wiſh to mingle my aſhes with thoſe of their father, if he cannot be reſcued from death." Saying this, ſhe would no longer liſten to her parent, nor to the workings of nature: unſhaken in her reſolve, ſhe returned to the chambers of Dopouerans, her huſband, and adminiſtered to all his wants. Theſe events all paſſed beneath my own obſervation. Acamanda-Babou, father of the beautiful Viſſiacodi, heart-broken at her reſolution, yielded however, in ſpite of his feelings, to her

her entreaties. He ſet off for the reſidence of the Engliſh commander, to purchaſe the permiſſion for his daughter to finiſh her exiſtence; to ſacrifice herſelf upon the ſame pile where would be conſumed the inanimate remains of the man to whoſe deſtiny ſhe had united herſelf.

The peculiar cuſtoms of the Hindoos make them look upon a houſe as contaminated wherein any perſon has expired. The poor wretch, when the agonies of death come on, breathes his laſt on the banks of the Ganges, whither he is conveyed, and whoſe waters he touches with his hands. So, when Dopouerans Babou approached towards his end (the pains of which in this country are neither ſo long nor ſo acute as in our's, which may likewiſe be ſaid of thoſe of parturition), he was carried to the banks of the Ganges, a deified river, and which is hence called the road to Heaven. Scarcely were the ablutions and ceremonies here performed which the ancient religion of this people preſcribes, than Dopouerans ceaſed to breathe.

His young wife was too much and too deeply affected to be able to ſhed tears. Viſſiacodi returned home with her children, who were too young to feel in all its magnitude the loſs they had ſuſtained, and prepared herſelf for the ſacrifice ſhe had reſolved to make to the manes of her deceaſed huſband. Already ſhe anticipated the eternal felicity promiſed by their religion, as a reward to the pure and virtuous ſouls of thoſe wives, who, having fulfilled every duty here, magnanimouſly yield up their life on the ſame funereal pile which conſumes the aſhes of their deceaſed huſband. She preſſed fervently to her boſom her two children, pledges of ſincere love, and which, by a contradiction we in vain endeavour to account for, ſhe was about to abandon for ever, in oppoſition to the dictates of nature, and the moſt tender feelings of ſympathy.

She was ſtill holding them in her arms, when her father, Acananda, ſtood before her with a lighted lamp in his hands, that ſhe might perform the firſt ceremony of her ſacrifice. A widow, extinguiſhing the lamp herſelf, intimates that ſhe freely and willingly offers up her life. Who can deſcribe the dreadful ſituation of Acananda-Babou and his friends, when they beheld the calm ſerenity with which Viſſiacodi extinguiſhed the lamp preſented to her by her father? Hardly had ſhe made this ſilent reply (for during it neither the father nor the daughter could look at or ſpeak to each other), than ſhe left her children, and went to receive her relations, to weep with them a few moments. She ſoon quitted them, with her accuſtomed tranquillity of mind, performed her ablution, and prepared with her own hands the parting meal, the laſt ſhe would ever partake with her family. Such a ſtrength of ſoul is neither frequently witneſſed nor eaſy to be imagined.

After the repaſt was finiſhed, and the preparations for the cavalcade and ceremonies arranged, the widow of Dopouerans, clothed in white (the colour of mourning), and ornamented with all her jewels, as on the day of her marriage, left her houſe, holding her children by the hand, and accompanied by her own mother and the mother of her huſband. She led the way in this ſad and melancholy proceſſion: her deportment, the ſerenity of her countenance, and the tranquillity of her mind, would have induced an accidental ſpectator to regard this rather as a *fete*, than as a ceremony about to terminate with the moſt awful and lamentable cataſtrophe. She proceeded (followed by all her family, together with a crowd of attendants) towards the banks of the Ganges, where was erected the funereal pile. The cavalcade was preceded by a great number of muſicians, playing mournful airs upon their noiſy inſtruments.

Arrived at the ſpot, Viſſiacodi beheld the pile on which was already the corſe of Dopouerans: ſhe caſt an affectionate look towards her children, preſſed them cloſely to her boſom, gave them a parting kiſs, and then made a ſign for them to be taken away. Nature ſeemed to have reſumed her rights; but, alas! the impulſe was of ſhort duration.

She approached alone towards the pile, and walked three times round it, ſcattering flowers; and, having on each ſide of her her own mother, and the mother of her huſband, ſhe entered the Ganges to perform her laſt expiatory ablution. She now threw off her white habiliments, and covered herſelf with a ſmall piece of grey ſilk, which is cuſtomary on theſe occaſions. Immediately afterwards, the two matrons left her, that they might not touch her, for that would be regarded as contamination. During the ablution, Viſſiacodi made an offering to the ſun, which is emblematic of the divinity, of raw rice and flowers, three handfuls of which ſhe threw into the Ganges.

She then entered the river about knee deep, and uttered a ſhort prayer; ſhe took off her jewels, which ſhe gave to her relations and friends, throwing them to them one by one. She gave her amulet or *ingam* to her mother, to be by her preſerved for her daughter, the eldeſt of her two children. Breaking the chain which was ſuſpended round the neck, and to which was faſtened the conjugal jewel, ſhe threw it into the Ganges. A tradition of very high antiquity inculcates that this river, which in the mythology of the Hindoos is held in the ſame light as the Styx of the Greeks, alone ought to poſſeſs the conjugal jewel of the women. Viſſiacodi then took ſome mud, and mixed it with *tirnam*, a white duſt, with which the Hindoos anoint the forehead and breaſt immediately after ablution. This religious cuſtom is the extreme unction of the Braminical religion. It reminds man that he is but a maſs of duſt, and that to the ſame he muſt return.

During

During this ablution ſhe recited a number of prayers, took ſome water in the palms of her hands, threw ſome drops about her, and ſwallowed ſome three times, as a ſign of the treytayen, or three attributes of the divinity.

Theſe laſt ceremonies being completed, Viſſiacodi, emerging from the river approached with a lighted torch, to perform the ſecond trial, by burning part of the fingers of the right hand. During this cruel ceremony, the widow is entirely alone; ſhe is upheld only by her own courage and reſolution: no being dare approach her, no man dare touch her. A widow who cannot ſuſtain this trial, is denied the honour of mingling her aſhes with thoſe of her huſband. What reflections did this fact excite in me! This young and lovely women ſuſtained the trial with ſo much intrepidity and firmneſs, that I hardly knew whether what I beheld was not an illuſion. The heroic fortitude of Viſſiacodi exceeded every thing which imagination and memory could enable me to bring before my mind of the grandeur of ſoul which the female ſex poſſeſſes.

This trial over, the laſt before the cataſtrophe of this awful drama, Viſſiacodi mounted the funereal pile by means of a foot-ſtool which one of her friends placed for her. There, for the firſt time in her life, ſhe called her huſband by his name; for there was now no diſtinction of ſuperiority between them. The cuſtom of the Hindoos rigorouſly forbids the wife ever to pronounce the name of her huſband. Seating herſelf on the left ſide of the body, ſhe lifted up the head, and placed it upon her right arm, as if he were ſtill alive; then, with her other hand ſeizing the torch, ſhe herſelf lighted the funereal pile.

To accelerate the flames, and augment the ſmoke, the aſſiſtants throwed on, without intermiſſion, oil and aromatic reſins. A number of men likewiſe, holding long and ſtrong bamboos in their hands, threw them on the body, legs, and neck, of the unfortunate victim, no doubt to diminiſh her ſufferings. During the whole of the ſcene, which laſted more than two hours, no ſign of pain, regret, or grief, appeared upon the countenance of the widow. Her eyes were ſometimes calmly turned towards, where ſhe thought, her children were: they were all that ſeemed to affect her.

The muſical inſtruments, which had ceaſed playing when the proceſſion arrived at the banks of the Ganges, now began again, but they were not ſo loud.

This hiſtorical relation is very different both as to the cauſe and circumſtances to what other authors before me have related. But I ſpeak only of what I ſaw: I did not wiſh to write a romance.

Narrative

Narrative of the Sufferings of Captain David Woodard and four Seamen, on the Iſland of Celebes.

(Continued from Page 505.)

AT Travalla, our unfortunate adventurers were confined nearly eight months, during which time people repaired from all quarters of the iſland to view them, as white men were a novelty to whom they were unaccuſtomed. The ſtate of confinement, however, in which they were kept, enabled them to aſcertain that it was the intention of the Malays not to part with them, unleſs they received a conſiderable ſum for ſetting them at liberty. Hence, the primary object with Mr. Woodard was to diſcover the reſidence of the old prieſt who viſited them ſoon after their captivity; and, after much precaution, he aſcertained that he reſided at a town called Dungally, at a diſtance of about eight miles.

After they had been eight months in the ſituation above deſcribed, a proa arrived from Dungally to purchaſe cocoa-nuts, when Mr. Woodard found an opportunity of inquiring concerning Tuan Hadjee, and ſucceeded in gaining information as to the place of his reſidence, the route to it, &c. About this period our priſoners were ſent for by the head-rajah, who reſided at Parlow, at the bottom of a bay of that name, whither they were conveyed: the ſick men being taken in a proa, while Mr. Woodard and the reſt, proceeded by the rajah of Travalla, and guarded by five horſemen, travelled on foot, by land. Nothing ſufficiently intereſting to merit detail occurred during their journey, excepting that the priſoners, as well as the Malays, who went on foot, were ſo overcome by the heat and fatigue, as to be unable to ſtand; as the evening advanced, the Malay guard was taken on horſeback, and the whites, though without ſhoes, were compelled to go forward, without being ſuffered to relax in their progreſs; and when they injured their feet by the ſharp ſtones on the road, it was a ſource of amuſement for the rajah and his guards.

They arrived at Parlow about ten o'clock the ſame night; and after being ſcantily fed for two days, they were conducted to the head-rajah, with whom nearly two thouſand people had aſſembled to behold them. After ſilently obſerving them for ſome time, each of them was furniſhed with a muſket. On being aſked if they underſtood the uſe of this inſtrument, they anſwered in the affirmative, which, it will appear in the ſequel, was an avowal that tended to their injury.

After the curioſity of the people had been ſatisfied, our priſoners were more at their eaſe; but being placed in a large houſe open on all ſides, and ſurrounded by marſhy rice-fields, they were ſoon afflicted with a fever and ague, a diſeaſe very general

in ſuch ſituations, and of which Mr. Woodard and his companions were peculiarly ſuſceptible, from being kept without clothes. The following anecdote will afford an additional proof to the many on record, of the ſuperior feelings of the female ſex to the ſufferings of the unfortunate:

"On the fourth or fifth day after my falling ſick, there came a woman to ſee me, who, after looking at me for ſome time without ſpeaking, went to the bazar or market, which was at but a ſmall diſtance, and bought ſome tobacco and ſome bannanas, which ſhe preſented to me, giving me at the ſame time a double-key or piece of money of about two-pence halfpenny value. She kindly queſtioned me if I had no more clothes than thoſe which ſhe ſaw me wear: I told her, "No." She then aſked if I would have ſome tea: I anſwered, "Moſt willingly." The good woman then took George Williams with her to her houſe, and gave him tea, and a pot to boil it in: ſhe alſo ſent me rice and a wrapper, which is their country dreſs; a pillow alſo, and two mats; deſiring him at the ſame time to call again the next morning, and he ſhould have more rice. This he accordingly did, and ſhe proved a very good friend to us while we ſtaid at Parlow. This lady was of royal blood, and had married a Malay merchant. Indeed I experienced here, and in general, more kindneſs and compaſſion from the women than from the men.

"In the courſe of a few days, the head-rajah, Tommy Ganjoo, provided a houſe for me and my companions, and we were conducted to it. Not being able to walk, I was carried, and accompanied by a great concourſe of young females, who immediately on my arrival kindled a fire, and began to boil rice. My fever ſtill continued very ſevere for about three days after my arrival at this houſe. On the morning of the fourth day, an old woman appeared with a handful of boughs of a peculiar tree, announcing that ſhe was come to cure me, and that directly. In the courſe of a few minutes, I perceived four or five more accompanying her.—According to the cuſtom of that deſcription of people in curing the ſick here, they ſpent the day in bruſhing me with the boughs of the tree which they had brought in the morning, and uſed ſome incantations which I put little confidence in. They came again at twelve o'clock mid-day, and returned in the evening, going over the ſame ceremony as in the morning; and on leaving me, about ten o'clock in the evening, they ordered a girl to go with me in the morning to bathe in the river, which was at ſome diſtance. Not being willing to accompany the girl, I took with me two of our people as ſoon as day-light appeared, bathed, and then returned. Soon after, the girl came to wait upon me to the water. She did not ſeem to be well pleaſed at my having gone before ſhe came."

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On Mr. Woodard and his companions being in a ſtate of convaleſcence, the rajah introduced to them the commandant of a Dutch fort called Priggia, ſituated on the eaſt or oppoſite ſide of the iſland; he was a Frenchman, and had been thirty years in the Dutch ſervice. After aſking ſome queſtions as to his deſtination, he wiſhed to compel them to go to Priggia, and enter into the Dutch ſervice, which they peremptorily refuſed. The Frenchman then retired, highly offended, and without offering them the leaſt aſſiſtance.

At Parlow Mr. Woodard and his companions were detained eight months, during which time nothing very remarkable occurred. This town contains about five hundred houſes, and a large river diſcharges itſelf there, after running through the country for a conſiderable diſtance. It is ſituated in about 1° 30′ ſouth latitude. It is the capital of a fine country called Uncuila, and abounds with great plenty of cattle, horſes, ſheep, and goats. Round and near the town are rice-fields, which are occaſionally overflowed with water from the river, by means of canals. The country abounds with plaintains, bananas, ſweet potatoes, jack-apples, which they eat like cabbage, and chillies or ſmall bird-pepper, which grow wild, and which the natives make much uſe of. The inhabitants ſmoke opium, which they purchaſe of the Dutch.

On perceiving that the rajah did not intend to ſend him away, Mr. Woodard wiſhed to return to Travalla, in order to eſcape from thence to Dungally, the reſidence of the prieſt Tuan Hadjee; and to this the head-rajah did not make much objection. He however charged the captain of the proa in which he embarked, not to let him get ſight of Dungally, but to paſs it in the night; for it appeared that the rajahs wiſhed to prevent any intercourſe between the Engliſhmen and the prieſt who had been making inquiries about them. "It however fortunately happened," ſays Mr. Woodard, "as we paſſed Dungally in the middle of the night, that we were becalmed. We had been out two days! the Malays got out their oars, and made me aſſiſt in rowing; but the current being againſt us, we did not double the promontory of Dungally before day-light. This was to me a moſt fortunate circumſtance; for through it I got a full ſight of the town, and carefully obſerved the ſituation of it. In the courſe of the day following, we arrived at our deſtined port of Travalla, where the people did not ſeem pleaſed to receive me, as it was then a very ſcarce time for proviſions. They fed me chiefly with green pompions, which ſoon reduced me to ſuch a relaxed ſtate, that I began to be apprehenſive for my life. My ideas were, however, bent upon running away to Dungally, but I was ſo weakened by my diſorder that I could ſcarcely walk.

" I now determined to try ſome other method: I went to a village at a ſmall diſtance, begged ſome Indian corn, and then proceeded to the place where we had ſecreted our boat-hook, axe, and knives, and brought away my dollar, concealing it as cautiouſly as I could. When I reached home, I put it under my pillow, which I knew the inhabitants never would touch. Having now ſome Indian corn, and every day begging a few ears more, I laid them alſo under my pillow. I then took one of the Malays, who had been my beſt friend, to the ſpot where the boat-hook, axe, and knives were buried, and gave them to him. He very richly thanked me, and aſked me where the money was. I told him that I had none; but not being willing, however, to believe me, he ſcratched all round the place, whence the tools had been taken, but ineffectually, and then returned to the town."

It may readily be conceived that the treatment experienced by our travellers, induced them to think inceſſantly about the means of their eſcape; and as the projects were planned and executed by Mr. Woodard, he was always upon the alert to effect his purpoſe. One night, although guarded by three men and two women, he eſcaped to the ſhore, armed with a bamboo ſpear, where, finding a canoe, he attempted to make for Dungally by water: but when a quarter of a mile from land, the bark became ſo leaky, that he was in imminent danger, as he could not ſwim; he therefore rowed back, and when in five feet water the canoe filled and ſunk. He was then obliged to return to the town, which he did without detection, and immediately proceeded for Dungally by land. Being in ſome degree acquainted with the route, which lay through woods and over mountains, he met with no interruption except from the buffaloes, which he repulſed with ſtones and his ſpear. By daylight he was fortunate enough to reach the town of Dungally, which is ſurrounded by a wooden fence. On proceeding to the middle of the town, he was ſoon recognized by one of the men who had ſeen him at Travalla, and who immediately conducted him to Tuan Hadjee.

The prieſt was in bed with his wife, a young woman not more than ſixteen years of age: they both inſtantly roſe to make him welcome, and regaled him with rice and fiſh. The good old man alſo bought him a piece of cloth, which he made for himſelf into a ſhirt, jacket, and trowſers.

Captain Woodard's joy at his fortunate eſcape may be more eaſily conceived than expreſſed, and the kind behaviour of Tuan Hadjee filled his mind with the moſt ſincere gratitude.

(To be continued.)

INTERESTING TRIAL.

Reſponſibility of Common Carriers.

NICHOLSON AND HAYDON *v.* WILLIAM AND SIMSON.

THIS cauſe came on to be tried before Lord Ellenborough, at the ſittings in London, after laſt Eaſter Term.

It was an action brought againſt the defendants as common carriers, for the loſs of a parcel of ſilk gloves, of the value of 58l. The defendants are proprietors of the Leeds mail coach, which paſſes through Nottingham, and the parcel in queſtion was left at the defendant Simpſon's coach-office, at Nottingham, to be forwarded by that coach, and paid for as a common parcel; it, however, was not ſent by the mail coach, but by another coach, called the True Briton (of which the defendants are alſo proprietors), and loſt.

The defence was, the plaintiffs' non-compliance with the terms of a notice ſtuck up in the defendant Simpſon's coach-office, ſtating, that the proprietors of coaches tranſacting buſineſs at that office, would not be accountable for any parcel above the value of 5l. unleſs it was inſured and paid for at the time of delivery.—A verdict was taken for the plaintiffs for the 58l. ſubject to the opinion of the court.

The defendants, in Trinity Term laſt, obtained a rule to ſhew cauſe why the verdict ſhould not be ſet aſide, and a non-ſuit entered inſtead thereof.—The matter afterwards came on, and was fully argued by Mr. Erſkine and Mr. Cowley for the plaintiffs, and Mr. Garrow and Mr. Wigley for the defendants. The court took time to conſider their judgement until the day but one before the concluſion of the laſt term, when Lord Ellenborough pronounced the judgement of the court to be, that the verdict muſt be ſet aſide, and a non-ſuit entered for the defendants; becauſe the plaintiffs had not, in the firſt inſtance, complied with the terms of the notice, the legality of which, his lordſhip obſerved, had, in ſo many caſes, been recognized and allowed.

This determination has, therefore, fully eſtabliſhed the right of the carriers to limit their reſponſibility.

Oliver Oldſtile's Narrative of his Journey to Bath.

Bath, December 18, 1804.

MR. EDITOR,

I AM a plain man, of plain manners, unuſed to the ways of this gay town, or of expreſſing my thoughts at ſecond hand,

as

as I may call it. But what muſt I do? I can find nobody to ſpeak to, or if I did, I ſhould not be minded. They are too full of themſelves, by George, to attend to any thing elſe. Well, but I muſt not detain you, having other matters and other folks to employ you as well as me, and I love to do, as I would be done by. So Sir, here's the buſineſs:—

You muſt know, in the firſt place, I have a good fortune; in the ſecond a moſt excellent wife; and ſhe has made me the happy parent of five children; three of whom are males, and conſidering the age we live in, not to be found fault with, though, perhaps, not all I would have them be—but my girls, my Mary and Judith, Oh! Mr. Editor, if you are a good man, I wiſh you knew them; if you are not, I ſhould be ſorry if they knew you; but I beg your pardon; allow for a blunt fellow, that pops out with all he feels, and a truly fond father of two truly good young women, who a month ago had never been twenty miles from the village, at the end of which I have a good family dwelling, ſurrounded by woods of my grandfather's planting; and where, let me tell you, no gueſt was ever received without a cheerful face, and a hearty welcome.

Aye, now we are getting to the point; don't be impatient, and I'll make all the haſte I can, to tell you how I happened to come to this faſhionable place; and how we were treated for our pains. An invitation for ſome time paſt having been given by a ſiſter of my wife's to the family in general, and particularly with a wiſh that her dear nieces ſhould partake of "the various pleaſures, which dear enchanting Bath alone can beſtow:" My good help-mate, too ill herſelf to riſk the trial at this time of the year, prevailed on me to undertake the charge. Who could reſiſt the ſoft pleading of Mary's eyes, the brilliant animation of her ſiſter's, or the requeſts of a wife, who never denied *me* one in her life?

Well, Sir, after a long, though favourable journey, think you ſee us arrived at my ſiſter's manſion, in one of the Creſcents, (ſo I think they call theſe half-moon things), uſhered into a parlour very handſome but very cold. My ſiſter-in-law, whom I had been uſed to conſider as a good ſort of well-meaning woman, though not over wiſe, and whom I had not ſeen for ſix years, made me a formal curtſy, a half nod to each of my daughters, and ſat down again, as if impatient to ſhew me that ſhe did not now fill up her chair with her former comfortable figure; in vain I looked for my old acquaintance; I could find nothing but a ſtiff, conceited lady, ſcrewing up a naturally plump, high-fed face, into fifty wrinkles, and forcing two ſmall grey eyes, into a broad ſtare, covered with what ſhe, I ſuppoſe, calls a gown, ſo ſtrained over her ample perſon, as ſhewed plainly ſhe had no petticoat under it. When you add to this two fat red arms without any covering at all, you will have had a tolerable pic-

ture of my ſweet relation, and by what I have ſince heard, of almoſt every man's relation in this refined city. I would not have you ſuppoſe that I had never before heard of this abominable folly; but beſides that, half at leaſt of what I had heard, I concluded to be falſe, I could not without ſeeing, have formed to myſelf any thing ſo ſtrange, ſo ridiculous, and ſo ugly.

But bad as this is, it does not equal the precious mode now adopted of frigid indifference, downright rudeneſs indeed, univerſally beſtowed on all who are ſo unfortunate to get among the *ton* as they call it. As Madam, my ſiſter, ſees a great deal of company, I and my wenches have had a rare time of it; nor do I know whether her own *parties*, or the *routs* which ſhe has dragged us out to, at other people's houſes, were moſt odious. My girls (accuſtomed to be loved, I might have ſaid admired at home, and among the decent, human beings that form our country ſociety) confounded and diſmayed by the ſtrange looks of noiſy rude men, and inſipid, unintelligible, half-naked women, endeavoured to creep towards me for ſupport and conſolation. Alas! Sir, I had none to give them; nor could I have got at them if I had, for hemmed in as I was by crowds, who, though they did not appear capable of ſpeaking (at leaſt to any purpoſe) yet contrived to make a horrid noiſe by a jargon of their own, out of which I made nothing at all except the word "Rage;" and a kind gentleman's aſſurance to me, that ſomething, though I don't know what, was "famous," and the very beſt of all poſſible things, *paſt*, *preſent*, or *to come*.

I don't wiſh to trouble you, good Mr. Editor, with more complaints than I can help, nor do I expect that you ſhould enter into all the feelings of a fond, and perhaps partial father, at the miſerable diſappointment which my poor Mary and Judith have experienced; neglected for their ignorance of modes and manners, laughed at for their abſurd *dreſs*, for *they are dreſſed*, and I hope will be ſo; and finally left to talk to each other, or turn into a couple of ſtatues; chilled by the frozen atmoſphere in which they are enveloped, and to wait till the warm greetings of an affectionate mother, and the cheerful welcome of their other friends ſhall once more re-animate them.

This moſt deſirable moment is not far off; for I ſhall make my beſt *congees* to my faſhionable ſiſter in a very few days; and, perhaps, after all, what I had intended as *pleaſure* for my girls, will prove a much better thing, *inſtruction*. Their late embarraſſment will convince them, that faſhion, though it may ſanction folly cannot ſupply the place of happineſs, which thoſe are moſt likely to experience, whoſe corrected minds know how to find the path that leads to it; and whoſe firſt enjoyment is the ſpirit of benevolence.

I am, Sir,
Your well-wiſher,
OLIVER OLDSTILE.

Account

Account of Jacob and Huttig, two ingenious Mechanics.

[From Adams's Letters on Silesia, lately published.]

THE greatest curiosities of Bunzlau are two mechanical geniusses by the name of Jacob, and of Huttig, a carpenter, and a weaver, who are next-door neighbours to each other. The first has made a machine, in which, by the means of certain clockwork, a number of puppets, about six inches high, are made to move upon a kind of stage, so as to represent in several successive scenes the passion of Jesus Christ. The first exhibits him in the garden at prayer, while the three apostles are sleeping at a distance. In the last he is shewn dead in the sepulchre, guarded by two Roman soldiers. The intervening scenes represent the treachery of Judas, the examination of Jesus before Caiaphas, the dialogue between Pilate and the Jews concerning him, the denial of Peter, the scourging, and the crucifixion. It is all accompanied by a mournful dirge of music; and the maker, by way of explanation, repeats the passages of scripture which relate the events he has undertaken to shew. I never saw a stronger proof of the strength of the impression of objects, which are brought immediately home to the senses. I have heard and read more than one eloquent sermon upon the passion; but I confess, none of their most laboured efforts at the pathetic ever touched my heart with one half the force of this puppet-show. The traitor's kiss, the blow struck by the high priest's servant, the scourging, the nailing to the cross, the spunge of vinegar, every indignity offered, and every pain inflicted, occasioned a sensation, when thus made perceptible to the eye, which I had never felt at mere description.

Huttig the weaver, with an equal, or superior mechanical genius, has applied it in a different manner, and devoted it to geographical, astronomical, and historical pursuits. In the intervals of his leisure from the common weaver's work, which affords him subsistence, he has become a very learned man. The walls of his rooms are covered with maps and drawings of his own, representing, here the course of the Oder, with all the towns and villages through which it runs; there the mountains of Switzerland, and those of Silesia, over both of which he has travelled in person. In one room he has two very large tables, one raised above the other; on one of them he has ranged all the towns and remarkable places of Germany, and, on the other, of all Europe; they are placed according to their respective geographical bearings. The names of the towns are written on a small square piece of paper, and fixed in a slit on the top of a peg, which is stuck into the table. The remarkable mountains are shewn by small pyramidical black stones, and little white pyramids are stationed at all the spots which have been distinguished

guiſhed by any great battle or other remarkable incident. The man himſelf, in explaining his work, ſhews abundance of learning, relative to the ancient names of places, and the former inhabitants of the countries to which he points; and amuſed us with anecdotes of various kinds, connected with the land he has marked out. Thus, in ſhewing us the Alps, he pointed to the ſpots over which the French army of reſerve ſo lately paſſed, and where Bonaparte ſo fortunately eſcaped being taken by an Auſtrian officer; and then he gave us a ſhort comment of his own upon the character and extraordinary good fortune of the firſt conſul.

In a ſecond room he has a large machine, repreſenting the Copernican ſyſtem of the univerſe; it is made in ſuch a manner, as that the whole firmament of fixed ſtars moves round our ſolar ſyſtem once in every twenty-four hours, and thus always exhibits the ſtars, in the exact poſition, relative to our earth, in which they really ſtand. Internally, he has ſtationed all the planets which belong to our ſyſtem, with their ſeveral ſatellites, and all the comets that have been obſerved during the laſt three centuries.

In a third room he has another machine, exhibiting in different parts the various phaſes of the moon, and thoſe of Jupiter's ſatellites, the apparent motion of the ſun round the earth, and the real motion of the earth round the ſun.

In this garret he has another work, upon which he is yet occupied, and which being his laſt labour, ſeems to be that in which he takes the moſt delight. Upon a very large table, ſimilar to that in the firſt room, he has inlaid a number of thin plates of wood, formed ſo as to repreſent the projection of the earth upon Mercator's plan. All the intervals between the plates of wood deſignate that portion of the world which is covered with water. He has uſed a number of very ſmall ropes of two colours, drawn over the ſurface in ſuch a manner as to deſcribe the tracks of all the celebrated circumnavigators of the globe. The colours of the ropes diſtinguiſh the ſeveral voyages from each other. To three of theſe great adventurers, who he thinks claim eſpecial pre-eminence above the reſt, Columbus, Anſon, and Cook, he has ſhewn a ſpecial honour by three little models of ſhips, bearing their names, which are placed upon the ſurface of his ocean, in ſome ſpot of their reſpective courſes. The names of all the other voyagers, and the times at which their voyages were performed, are marked by papers fixed at the point of their departure.

Such is the imperfect deſcription I can give you from a ſhort view of the labours of his really curious man. He muſt be nearly, or quite ſeventy years old, and has all his life-time been of an infirm conſtitution. But this taſte for the ſciences, he told us, was hereditary in his family, and had been common to them

all, from his great grandfather down to himſelf. His dreſs and appearance were thoſe of a common weaver; but his expreſſive countenance, at once full of enthuſiaſtic fire, and of amiable good nature, was a model upon which Lavater might expatiate with exultation. The honeſt and ingenious weaver, on our taking leave, made us ſmile by exclaiming, that now, if he could but have a traveller from Africa come to ſee his works, he could boaſt of having had viſitors from all the four quarters of the globe.

Your's &c.

Anecdotes of the celebrated Duke of Sully.

MAXAMILIAN DE BETHUNE, marquis of Roſni, and afterwards duke of Sully, was ſent ambaſſador from Henry IV. of France, to James I. upon his acceſſion to the throne. He was juſtly celebrated for his induſtry and capacity; and was rather an intimate friend and confidant of his maſter, than his prime miniſter. He had a more tender regard for the fame of that prince, than he had himſelf; he ventured to oppoſe his moſt violent paſſions, when derogatory from his honour or intereſt.

He was a man of order, frugal, a man of his word, and had no fooliſh expences either of play or of any thing elſe that was unſuitable to the dignity of his character. He was vigilant, laborious, and expedited buſineſs. He ſpent his whole time in his employments, and gave none of it to his pleaſures. With all theſe qualifications, he had the talent of diving to the bottom of every thing that was ſubmitted to him, and of diſcovering every entanglement and difficulty with which the financiers, when they are not honeſt men, endeavonr to conceal their tricks and their rogueries.

Henry IV. gave Sully one day the contract of marriage into which he had entered with Mademoiſelle d'Entragues, to read; who ſaid after having read it: "Sire, will you promiſe me not to be angry?" Henry replied, "Yes, Sully, I promiſe you that I will not be angry." Sully tore the contract in pieces immediately, ſaying: "Sire, this is the uſe you ought to make of it."—"What, Sir, are you mad, to behave in this manner?" ſaid Henry. "It is true, Sire," replied Sully, "that I am a madman, and would be ſo great a madman as to be the only perſon mad in France."

The lady whoſe contract of marriage with Henry IV. Sully had thus torn in pieces, called him one day *valet*, in the preſence of his ſovereign, becauſe he would not aſſiſt her views of ambition. This is too much, Madam," exclaimed Henry; "I would ſooner part with ſix miſtreſſes like yourſelf, than with

one

one ſervant like Sully, whom you dare to call *valet* in my preſence. My anceſtors have not diſdained to ally themſelves with his, I aſſure you."

On the NATURAL EXPRESSION *of the* PASSIONS.

EVERY ſentiment of the mind has particular parts of the body in correſpondence with it, and affected about it.

Hatred, ſcorn, love, ſuſpicion, confidence, admiration, and every other paſſion of the mind, have particular muſcles in ſympathy with them, and affect the features in a particular manner. So that in remote villages, and in thoſe countries, where the emotions of the heart are not attempted to be concealed or diſguiſed, it is an eaſy matter to know the ſtate of men's minds by looking in their faces.

But in more artificial ſocieties, in great cities, and in courts, where many are ſtruggling for the ſame object, where there is an everlaſting jarring of intereſt, where men are anxious to conceal their deſigns and their wiſhes, and dare not avow the real motives of their actions, it is difficult to judge of the feelings of the heart by what appears in their countenance; yet in the midſt of all this affectation and diſguiſe, men of experience and penetration, will often ſee real joy through artificial tears, genuine ſadneſs in aſſumed gaiety, and inveterate hatred, lurking under all the officious ſmiling diſplay of kindneſs.

Art cannot long carry on a ſucceſsful war with nature; men cannot be on their guard or keep their features in everlaſting conſtraint; the genuine paſſion, will occaſionally ſhew itſelf in the countenance, by the ſympathizing muſcles; the hypocrite is at that inſtant detected, and all his future grimaces are in vain.

AN ANECDOTE.

OF George I. the following pleaſing trait of good-nature is related: Soon after his acceſſion to the throne, the ducheſs of Buckinghamſhire (natural daughter of James II.) was refuſed a paſſage in her carriage through St. James's Park; ſhe in conſequence wrote a letter to the king, abuſing him in the groſſeſt language, affirming he was an uſurper, that ſhe had a better right to go through the park than he, &c. &c. The king, inſtead of being offended, only laughed, and ſaid,

"Oh! la folle, la folle! qu'on la aliſſe paſſér!"

"The poor woman is mad, let her paſs freely!" and gave orders ſhe ſhould have the liberty of going through the park at her pleaſure.

Providential Eſcape from drowning by the Aſſiſtance of a Maſtiff Dog.

SOME weeks ſince, as a boy about twelve years of age, an apprentice to Mr. Herbert, ſhoemaker, of Leominſter, was waſhing a large maſtiff in the river Lugg, in the Old Fields, near that town, the bank where he ſtood being undermined by the current, ſuddenly gave way, and they both ſunk together, in a very deep and rapid part of the ſtream. The boy, very fortunately, had firm hold of the collar, and the dog being a powerful animal, at length ſucceeded in gaining the ſhore, upon a gravel bank about 20 yards below the place where they fell in; the boy being nearly exhauſted, remained ſome time on the bank, before he was able to move, the dog ſtanding by him; but as ſoon as he was able to get up and walk, the poor animal expreſſed his joy by jumping round him, and careſſing him.

What is very remarkable, and ſhews the wonderful interpoſition of providence, the dog had once a narrow eſcape from drowning by his collar getting faſt in a ſtump as he was ſwimming, after which time the collar was always taken off before the dog was ſuffered to go into the water, except in this inſtance, when it was very providentially the means of ſaving the boy's life.

CHARACTER *of the late Dr.* JAMES FORDYCE.

HIS writings diſcover much genius and imagination, a correct taſte, no little knowledge of the world, and a happy method of engaging the attention, and intereſting the feelings of his readers; and they are marked by a ſpirit of ardent piety, and a zeal for the intereſts of virtue, which they are well adapted to ſubſerve. His religious ſentiments were liberal, rational, and manly. In private life he was highly amiable and juſtly beloved, conciliating the affection of the young and old, by his cheerful, pleaſing, and inſtructive converſation.

A QUESTION, *by a Pupil, of Mr. Chivers's School, at St. Auſtell.*

THE two diameters of a veſſel, in form of a conic fruſtum, are 5 and 4 inches: required its depth, when it holds one quart, ale meaſure?

N. B. The above queſtion is from the Ladies Diary for 1805, and as a ſolution may appear in the Entertainer long before it can be in the next Diary, it is propoſed here on that account.

Anſwer, by T. Prout, of Mevagiſſey, to Primroſe's Anagram, inſerted Oct. 22.

DOUBTLESS, the enſanguin'd NERO is
The cruel emperor's name;
The river RHONE I did tranſpoſe,
And quickly found the ſame.

*** A ſimilar anſwer has been received from A. Kyne, of Dartmouth; Egbert Moon, of Wincanton; T. Whicker, P. Gove, J. T. Symons, and R. Holwell, of Exeter; T. Adey, of Poole; G. Holland, of Stoke Abbot; W. G. of South Petherton; and Recluſe, of Awliſcombe.

Anſwer, by G. Holland, of Stoke Abbot, to J. T. S.'s Charade, inſerted Oct. 22.

DUNMOW is the town no doubt,
Your charade will make it out.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from Telemachus, W. Strong, S. Murch, T. Boult, and R. Holwell, of Exeter; T. Prout, of Mevagiſſey; T. Wotton, of Newton Buſhell; J. Lewis, T. Adey, and J. B. Bloomfield, of Poole; J. Ninnis, of St. Agnes; Henry, of Wells; W. G. of South Petherton; Recluſe, of Awliſcombe; G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton; and J. Channon, of Ottery.

Anſwer, by Primroſe, of Taunton, to E. R. Bickham's Rebus, inſerted Oct. 22.

IMMORTAL POPE! who ſtruck ſo ſweet the lyre;
Thy valu'd works ſhall ages long admire;
Thy ſounding verſe, and ſoft, harmonious lays
Will thee enſure a laſting, deathleſs praiſe.

*** We have received the like anſwer from G. Holland, and G. Hann, jun. of Stoke Abbot; W. Bickham, jun. and R. Mudge, jun. of Aſhburton; T. Prout, of Mevagiſſey; J. Lewis, T. Adey, and J. B. Bloomfield, of Poole; A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; T. Wotton, of Newton Buſhell; W. Strong, W. Commins, J. T. Symons, S. Murch, and R. Holwell, of Exeter; J. H. M. of Blackwater; J. Whitty, of Upway; E. Moon, of Wincanton; W. G. of South Petherton; Recluſe, of Awliſcombe; George Coulman, of Broadhempſton; and J. Channon, of Ottery.

A CHARADE, *by T. Boult, of Exeter.*

IF you a colour do expreſs,
My firſt you'll ſoon betray;
My next is where the beaſts oft reſt,
And then my whole ſurvey:
Theſe ſimple parts, when join'd aright,
Will bring an Engliſh town to light.

A CHARADE, *by W. Bickham, Jun. of Aſhburton.*

LO! how the glitt'ring orbs above
Do in ſucceſſion ſhine;
My firſt is when you ſee them move
In majeſty divine;
But when they're ſunk beneath the weſt,
And Sol appears in view,
Eliza's in my ſecond's dreſs'd,
And bids her friends adieu.

POETRY.

THE BENGAL EVENING.

[In Imitation of Dyer's Grongar Hill.]

NOW, while Cynthia in her pride,
Silvering tints the flowing tide,
While muſing ſilence reigns around,
And nought diſturbs the pauſe profound;
Aſſiſt, O muſe! thy votary's flight
To paint theſe glowing ſcenes of night:
Firſt down the river's glaſſy tide,
The evening barks all ſilent glide;
Save that the ſighing gale will bring
The oars ſoft muſic on its wing:
As ever and anon they lave,
And ſpraying ſpread the lucid wave:
Gradual it ſinks—at laſt its gone;
Silent the breeze muſt now return;
In vain th' exploring ſight would trace
The murky bats encircling race:
Mark yonder deep green clump of trees
That bows its top to meet the breeze:
See it veils their rapid flight,
And now again they meet the light:
Again the envious ſhade conceals,
Again the moon's pale beam reveals.
Hark to the buzzing inſects cries,
See the gold enamell'd flies,
Mark they hither wing their way,
The lambent ſparks ſhew where they ſtray.
Hear the ſcreech owl's thrilling voice,
Self-delighted with its noiſe:
Tell me lonely bird of night,
Tell me why thou ſhunn'ſt the light?
Why at evening's gloomy hour,
Only then thou quitt'ſt thy bow'r?
Is it becauſe thy ſerious mind
Knows the folly of mind?
Ever toiling, ſtill in vain;
Seeking pleaſure—meeting pain!
If this thy motive, then thou'rt wiſe
His pomp and buſtle to deſpiſe.
Come warm fancy, heavenly maid!
Waft me thro' yon ſombre ſhade;
Come in all thy colours gay,
To aſſiſt thy vot'ry's lay!
Ampler proſpects would he ſhew,
Tow'ring tree, and cottage low:
Bamboo clumps of lively hue
Thickly darkening into blue:
Hard to paint th' irriguous ſcene,
Which all around is felt and ſeen!
There, the opening trees diſcloſe
Where the limpid ſtreamlet flows:
How it glitters in the beams,
That thro' the parting foliage gleams:
Liſt!—the ſavage jackall's howl,
Mark yon village, there they prowl:
Soft: the diſmal yell would fade;
But yet it ſounds along the glade.
Huſh! it ſinks! ſtill lower, lower!
Silence reigns—'tis heard no more.

Bengal, 1803. H. T. R.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

TO MARY.

A Lady ſaid, the other day,
She thought you waln't pretty;
But then, ſaid I, "tho', that's bad taſte,
"She's amiable and witty."
"No! that ſhe's not," retorted, Ma'm,
"A mighty pretty paſs!
"*I* ſhall be called an *angel* next,
"And *you* perhaps an *aſs*."

Whether ſhe meant to flatter *me*,
I really cannot tell;
But if *ſhe* be an *angel* call'd,
She ſprung from him who fell.

The Red Croſs Knight.

The GOOD MAN's DEATH BED.

AT length I feel my time is come,
My ſpirit now is ſummon'd home;
I feel the chilly hand of death
Pervade my frame, and ſeize my breath.
What means this dull, lethargic ſleep,
That ſeems o'er ev'ry ſenſe to creep?
This miſt that wraps my giddy head?
This veil that o'er my eyes is ſpread?
Is this the foe, whoſe dire alarms,
The braveſt mind of ſtrength diſarms.
I view him not in vengeance dreſs'd;
No dark diſmay appals my breaſt;
To me no terror can he bring,
I know no fear, I feel no ſting;

He

He rather ſeems to point the road
That leads to Heaven, that leads to God.
But lo! what forms divinely bright,
Reſplendent, burſt upon my ſight!
Behold! before my raviſh'd eyes
Celeſtial viſions ſeem to riſe!
And, hark! to diſſipate my fears,
What ſounds melodious ſtrike my ears.
I hear them touch the trembling ſtrings,
All Heav'n with vocal tranſport rings!
How does my raviſh'd ſpirit long
To join to their's my feeble ſong.
Begone, thou cumbrous load of clay!
Ariſe, my ſoul! away! away!
O! quickly ſpeed thy happy flight!
And let me ſhare the dear delight.
'Tis done! I die! the trial's paſt,
I mount! I fly! I'm bleſt at laſt!

E. W.

The BAD MAN's DEATH BED.

AH! ſay, what means this icy chill?
Why does this fear my boſom fill?
Why fails my ſight? Why pants my breaſt?
And muſt I then ſubmit to death?
O! muſt I all thoſe cares reſign,
That once I only reckon'd mine?
Relinquiſh every dear delight,
And ſee them vaniſh from my ſight?
O Heaven! attend my earneſt pray'r,
Spare, ſpare my life, a moment ſpare!
Let me not unprepar'd be ſent,
But give me leiſure to repent.
How ſhall my guilty ſpirit dare
Before its Maker to appear!
If to his awful throne I'm led,
With all my ſins upon my head;
O! could I gain one moment now,
What true contrition would I ſhow.
Alas! I feel my pray'rs are vain,
One little moment to obtain;
My ſight is gone, my ſpirits ſink,
I totter on the awful brink!
What fears appal my guilty ſoul!
What tides of horror o'er me roll!
Behold the yawning earth divide!
O hide! in pity from me hide
The dreadful ſight! Before my eyes
What forms of horror ſeem to riſe!
Diſmiſs this heart-appalling band,
Ten thouſand demons round me ſtand;
See how they puſh me to my fate,
And for my parting ſpirit wait!
See how they roll their glaring eyes!
Now, now, they ſeize their trembling prize!
O! hear ye not th' exulting yell!
They ſeize, they dragme down to Hell.

E. W.

END OF THE FORTY-FOURTH VOLUME.

[James Langdon, Printer, Sherborne]

INDEX

TO THE

FORTY-FOURTH VOLUME

OF THE

Weekly Entertainer.

A.

AFFECTATION, on, 517.
Affection, the tears of, 341.
Africaine merchant ſhip, narrative of the mutiny on board it, 321.
Alfred, account of his murder, in 1056, 385.
Algerines, narrative of the wreck of ſome, near Penzance, 52.
Anagrams, 118, 338. Anſwers to, 18, 256, 538.
Anecdote of a ſervant's opinion of actors, 6. of John Lord Jefferies, 54. of the affection of a bird for its young, 97. of the abbe de St. Pierre and Cardinal Fleury, 137. of the duke of Gordon and one of his tenants, 157. of Lord Chief Juſtice Holt, 177. of Dr. Walter Pope, 217. of Captain Maitland and Captain Dixon, 257. of the father of Biſhop Horne, 277. of Peter I. of Ruſſia, 334. of the late Mr. Coſtello, 336. of Archbiſhop Uſher, 337. of John Ellis, Eſq. 352. of a glazier and a ſurgeon, 377. of Dr. Darwin, 404. of the marquis of Bute, 417. of Henry, prince of Wales, 457. of Admiral Campbell, 471. of Bonaparte, 476. of George I. 536.
Anecdotes of that eccentric character, Henry Paulett, 126. of Henry IV. king of France, 148. of that ſingular genius, Mr. T. B. Oldfield, 256. of John Way, eſq. 274. of Commodore Wilſon, 392. of General Freke, 409. of Mr. Morland, 465. of the celebrated duke of Sully, 535.
Appoſite text, 396.
Apprentices, caution to, 297.

B.

Barking trees, experiment of, 391.
Betty, William Henry, memoirs of, 481.
Bigamy, intereſting trial for, 201, 229.
Bonaparte, account of his levee, 421. character of, 476.
Bon mots, 38, 177, 196.
Boulogne, obſervations on the late attempt to deſtroy the flotilla there, 423.
Burying urn, account of a curious, 255.
Bull racing in Hampſhire, whimſical, 313.
Burning well near Chatigan, account of the, 333.

C.

Camelford, Lord, ſubſtance of his will, 221.
Canine madneſs, remarkable caſe of, 212.
Capper, Mr. account of that extraordinary character, 253.
Charades, 18, 78, 98, 119, 138, 178, 198, 218, 238, 256, 278, 298, 338, 378, 398, 418, 438, 478, 498, 518, 538. Anſwers to, 58, 78, 119, 138, 158, 198, 218, 238, 258, 278, 318, 338, 398, 418, 458, 478, 538.

Chatham,

Chatham, particulars of the death of the firſt earl of, 155.
Children and relations, Mr. S. Richardſon's thoughts on the loſs of, 275.
Chineſe children, particulars of the expoſure of, 170.
Chriſtmas bill of fare, 518.
Clergyman's legacy to his pariſhioners, by the Rev. W. Gilpin, 209.
Companions or friends, on, 415.
Connoiſſeur, the, 474.
Copenhagen, deſcription of, 401, 427.
Cornelly, memoirs of Mrs. 261.
Country aſſize, ſketch of a, 513.
Cromwell, Oliver, his letter to his wife, 335.
Cruelty, juſt puniſhment of, 435.

D.

Delicacy, on, 165.
Dorſetſhire fellowſhip, 517.
D——y, hiſtory of the family of, 293, 301, 323.
Drinking to exceſs, inſtances of its dreadful conſequences to military men, 92.
Duelling, the origin of, 441.
Duncan, life of the late Admiral Lord, 214.

E.

Eaſt Somerſet regiment, the Rev. Mr. Woodforde's prayer on the conſecration of their colours, 153.
Enigmas, 158, 198, 238, 278, 298, 398, 438, 458, 478. Anſwers to, 18, 98, 158, 178, 318, 358, 378, 458, 478.
Epiſtle, curious, 472.
Evelyn, character of the late Sir G. S. 381.

F.

Faſhionable world diſplayed, 374.
Faſhions, 17. 51, 125, 217, 257, 353, 414, 467.
Fawcett, Sir William, biographical ſketch of the late, 65.
Flindell and Peyrouſe, narrative reſpecting thoſe unfortunate circumnavigators, 171.
Fordyce, character of the late Dr. James, 537.
Fortitude, on, 397.
Fragment, a, 424.
French ſuperſtition, particulars of the, 113.
French, obſervations on the, 335.
Friendſhip, rules for eſtabliſhing true, 355.

G.

Gallipolis, account of, or the French colony on the Ohio, 281.
Gaming, Colonel Daniell's account of the manner in which he was cured of that vice, 121.
Gaming, ill conſequences of an itch for it, particularly to gentlemen in the army, 146.
German princes, on the, 516.
Gilpin, Rev. William, particulars of the late, 15.
Gimmal ring, obſervations on the, 356.
Glenorchy, Lady, converſion of, 411.
Goats and Goats' horns, obſervations reſpecting, 85.
Gout, dialogue between the, and Mr. Franklin, written by Dr. Franklin, 309.
Grand Chartreuſe, curious entries made in the album of the, 436.
Graves, Rev. Mr. character of the late, 485.

H.

Hamilton, General, and Vice-Preſident Burr, account of their duel, 181.
Hamilton, General, oration at his funeral, by Governor Morris, 406.
Hardinge, Juſtice, his charge to the grand jury at Brecon ſeſſions, 175.
Harrington, memoirs of the earl of, 128.
Hawkeſworth, Dr. his letter on dedications to monarchs, 456.
Heavens, notice of a ſingular appearance in the, 497.
Hermiteſs of North Salem, 510.
Hibernian humility, 377.
Hindoſtan widows, affecting inſtance of one who burnt herſelf on the funereal pile of her huſband, with hiſtorical obſervations, 521.

Hint,

Hint, useful, 137.
Historical knowledge, the use of, 132.
Hurricane, account of one in the Chinese seas.

I.

Incident, singular, 137.
Inertion, instance of a case of complete, 87.
Invasion, account of a Dutch attempt at, made in 1667, frustrated by the gallantry of the Devonians and Cornwallians, 210.

J.

Jacob and Huttig, account of those ingenious mechanics, 533.

L.

Ladies, rules for them to guess at the disposition of their husbands, 97.
Leaden coffins, on, 417.
Learned men, instances of their poverty, 351.
Leech, notice of a particular kind of, 316.
Letter, the fatal, 455.
London loyal volunteers, account of the grand presentation of colours to the, 1, 33.
Love, beauty, and vanity, 437.
Lover and the husband, contrast between the, 416.
Louis XVI. account of his journey from Paris to Varennes, and back again, in June, 1791, 7, 29, 41. particulars relative to his trial, 61.

M.

Maltese, character of the, 412.
Man with the iron mask, new account of the, 515.
Marble House and the Pfauen Insel, in Prussia, description of the, 152.
Mastiff dog, providential escape from drowning by the assistance of one, 537.
Melbury Osmond church, copies of inscriptions there, 57.
Mental taste, on, 106.
Misers, extraordinary, 204, 452, 505.
Music, on, 456.

N.

Narrative, affecting little, 190.
Nautical discovery, 194.
Negroes of Dahomy, curious ceremony among the, 148.
New Holland, account of, 213.

O.

Oldstile, Oliver, his account of his journey to Bath, 530.
Oyster, account of the, 289.

P.

Paine, Thomas, Mr. Yorke's account of his interviews with, 103.
Paris markets and coffee-houses, descriptions of, 393. the environs of, 451.
Parker, particulars of the late Vice-Admiral Christopher, 16.
Passions, on the natural expressions of the, 536.
Perjury, on the frequency of, 236.
Peyrouse, La, and Captain Flindell, narrative of those unfortunate circumnavigators, 171.
Pichegru, life of General, 81, 108.
Pitt, character of the Right Hon. William, 370.
Political convulsions, 496.
Pride, instances of ridiculous, 167.
Providence, on the blessings of, 276.

Q.

Quakers, their yearly epistle, 141.
Questions, 137, 197, 277, 297, 317, 337, 357, 377, 417, 457, 537. Answers to, 77, 157, 237, 497.

R.

Rebuses, 18, 58, 78, 98, 138, 178, 198, 218, 238, 256, 278, 318, 338, 358, 378, 418, 458, 478, 498, 518. Answers to, 58, 78, 98, 178, 218, 238, 297, 318, 358, 398, 438, 498, 518, 538.
Reflections, 77, 177, 237, 317, 337, 377, 497.
Religion and real politeness, the first earl of Chatham's remarks on, 101.
Remarks, commercial, 457.
Retired life, miseries of a, 506.

Roſa, a tale, 243.
Ruſſian murderer, narrative of the dreadful puniſhment of one, 90.
Ruſſian patriotiſm, 56.

S.

Scandinavian tales, 432.
Sheep, obſervations on their management in South Wales, 315.
Ships of war and gun-boats, compariſon of their general powers, 241.
Sierra Leone, account of its preſent ſtate, 161.
Sovereigns, leſſon for, 475.
Stone ſhips, antiquity of the, 389.
St. Domingo, geographical, hiſtorical, and political view of, 186, 205, 224, 247, 270, 285, 305, 326, 343, 364.
Summer's evening, delineation of a, 134.

T.

Talbot, Mary Anne, otherwiſe John Taylor, account of, 233.
Talleyrand, memoirs of Monſieur, 361.
Theluſſon maſquerade, deſcription of the, 68.
Time, on the improvement of, 17.
Tooke, Mr. John Horne, ſketch of his life, 442.
Trials, intereſting, 21, 46, 144, 201, 229, 249, 265, 453, 468, 490, 530.
Trieſte and its vicinity, deſcription of, 461.
Tullock, Mr. ſketch of that unfortunate mathematician, 425.
Twining, account of the late Rev. Mr. 197.

V.

Verſes, to Lavinia, 19. Anna's grave, ibid. ſong, ibid. the child of ſorrow's tale, 20. ode from Anacreon, ibid. on the death of Mary Lavers, who died on the birth of her firſt child, 39. on the death of an infant, 40. the ſeaſons, 59. Kent, a poem, ibid. on a perennial woodbine, at Cl——ton, 60. addreſs to the nightingale, by T. Shoel, 79. Alexis to Celia, 80. Dickinſon's tranſlation of Biſhop Lowth's Latin epitaph on his daughter, 80. the complaint, 99. ejaculations written during a thunder ſtorm at midnight, by J. Paſcal, ibid. the wild roſe, ibid. on a proſpect of leaving my native land, 100. addreſs to Medora, ibid. epitaph on an infant, ibid. to the cuckoo, by T. Shoel, 119. on the late gallant exploits of the Britiſh troops in the Eaſt-Indies, by P. Gove, 120. addreſs to friend, written at Matlock Bath, in June, ibid. elegy on ſeeing a ſcull, 139. to a butterfly, by J. Paſcal, ibid. the outcaſt, by L. S. Temple, 140. to a perſon who wrote many dull verſes in bed, ibid. addreſs to the people of Great-Britain on the threatened invaſion, by Dr. Charles Burney, 159. lines by the ducheſs of Devonſhire on Mr. Fox, 160. morning, a ſonnet, ibid. imitation of an admirable French hymn, by M. des Barreaux, 179. ode to fancy, by the late Dr. Glaſſe, ibid. harveſt morning, by W. Holloway, 180. epigram, ibid. on love, ibid. on health, ibid. delirium, by Mrs. Montolieu, ibid. evening, a ſonnet, 199. the firſt day of rain after a drought, ibid. lines on the death of Mr. Hare, by the ducheſs of Devonſhire, 200. lines written by Mary Robinſon, on her ſiſter, ibid. ſtanzas to Mary, 219. Mary's dream, ibid. on Engliſh poetry, by H. Fletcher, ibid. the foundling, 220. epitaph on a young lady who died ſuddenly, written by her lover, ibid. lines by a young lady, on having attained her eighteenth year, 239. the dying lover, ibid. picture of the phariſee, by W. Cowper, Eſq. 240. to a moth hovering round my candle, by J. Paſcal, 257. lines to a young female friend, ibid. addreſs to a naiad, ibid. the lily and the roſe, 260. on the Eolian harp, ibid. addreſs to my dear little nephew, J. F. M——, by Palemon, 279. Henry's complaint, by J. Paſcal, ibid. addreſs

dreſs to the pen, 280. lines written by a young gentleman during a ſevere illneſs, ibid. to the moon, 299. elegiac lines, writ- by Dr. Booker, and founded on a recent fact, ibid. ſtanzas to friendſhip, 300. lines by the man who forgot he had been married, and by the woman whom he forgot, ibid. a morning walk, by W. Gifford, 319. night, a ſonnet, 320. lines on the ſeaſons, by R. Bloomfield, ibid. epigram, ibid. on Palemon's ſecond excurſion to Truro in the kittereen, 339. lines from a huſband to a wife, on the fourteenth anniverſary of their marriage, July 6, 1804, ibid. to memory, by Miſs C. Symons, 340. Eliza, written at an inn, ibid. content, ibid. motives for war, ibid. the ſpiritual guide, by Mr. Cowper, 359. acroſtic, 360. reflection, ibid. ſonnet, ibid. paraphraſe on the 1ſt ode of the 3d book of Horace, 379. elegy on Miſs Bella Packwood, by Mr. Oulton, ibid. a love-letter, and its anſwer, 380. adverſity, ibid. addreſs to the moon, ibid. epigram, ibid. Palemon's farewell to the muſe, 399. to jealouſy, ibid. on the death of a mother, 400. the timid lover, by Sir J. Moore, ibid. ſketch of the cottage, by the Rev. J. Bidlake, 419. the caſtle-builder, or the French at their journey's end, ibid. the lawyer's defiance, 420. on a moſt excellent woman, ibid. retroſpective view of ſome of the ſtates of Europe, compared with the preſent ſituation of Great-Britain, by Lavinia, 439. ode to Jami, from the Perſian, 440. ſong, by Mrs. Hayley, 459. the volunteer ſtripling, by S. T. Coleridge, ibid. on paſſing thro' a church-yard, 460. epitaph, by Sir John Moore, ibid. remember the poor, 479. the orphan girl's tale, ibid. epigram, 480. picture of morning, 499. lines addreſſed to a friend, on receiving blanks in the lottery, ibid. ſtanzas on a young lady, 500. the laſt day, by W. Gifford, 519. the robin, 520. the Bengal evening, 539. to Mary, ibid. the good man's deathbed, ibid. the bad man's deathbed, 540.

Vice, on the beſt means of ſuppreſſing, by Biſhop Watſon, 73.

W.

Waſhington, General, journal of his miſſion to carry remonſtrances to the French commanding officer on the Ohio, 331.

Welch mountaineers, character of the, 449.

Weſt-India docks on the Thames, deſcription of the, 191.

Weſt-Indies, obſervations on the preſent critical ſituation of the, particularly Jamaica, 150.

William and Mary, a fragment, 330.

Window tax, the new, 476.

Woburn ſheepſhearing, account of the, 11, 25.

Woodard, Captain David, narrative of his ſufferings, and thoſe of four ſeamen, on the iſland of Celebes, 486, 501, 526.

Y.

Young, Timothy, his complaint againſt his old relations, 373.